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The Ypsi-Sem

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THE YPSI-SEM STAFF

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The Interior of An Iceberg

Helen T. Rorabacher, '20

One very cold night last winter I was about to go to bed when I heard a tapping on my window. Thinking it nothing but snapping icicles, I paid no attention until a louder crack convinced me that no ice could make a noise like that. So stepping quickly to the window I raised it and two fairylike figures flew in making the room perceptibly colder.

"Who are you?" I asked and was surprised to hear them answer, "We are snow sprites. Her majesty, the Snow Queen, sent us to ask if you would enjoy visiting her present home-- Ice Berg Castle."

I was much flattered by the Queen's interest in me but asked how I should get there.

My callers replied, "The North Wind has offered the use of his chariot if you will accept it."

"I shall be very glad to, but I am afraid I haven't a warm enough cloak to wear on such a long cold trip," I protested.

"Don't worry about that," the sprites answered, a trifle impatiently, "we have provided for everything."

So I turned out my light and climbing thru the window stepped into the chariot driven by the North Wind and immediately found myself wrapped in a cloak of snow that kept me as "warm as toast."

We hurried on, past towns and cities, over frozen lakes and rivers until we reached the ocean. Here we flew in the air until we could see a monstrous ice berg, which my guides informed me was the castle, in the distance. We quickly reached it and to this day I never could tell how we got inside. I think we must have melted thru the walls.

At any rate I found myself in a long hall which shone like crystal. At the farther end, on a throne of cut ice which you know is much

more beautiful than cut glass, sat the Snow Queen.

I was somewhat abashed by her presence and her manner which was very frigid, did not put me at my ease. I merely noted that she had a very beautiful tho rather cold face, before the sprites took me out to inspect the castle.

I think there must have been more than two hundred rooms and all were more beautiful than anything I had seen before. Everything was white but the northern lights shining thru the transparent walls gave a most dazzling color effect to the whole.

Stairs, which twinkled like diamonds, led from the basement which was many fathoms below the water to the point of the berg which as near as I could count, was about fifteen stories above the water.

On shelves, around the walls of all the rooms, were curious little ornaments of carved ice and in an especially large room which they called the art gallery, were statues of ice and on the walls were pictures scratched in the ice and painted with colors from the sunset and the rainbow. On a table covered with a blanket of snow, were books bound with sheets of sleet.

Of course there was no fire in the castle and it was really very cold but in my snow cloak and a veil of frozen rain which they had given me, I did not feel cold at all.

After spending a number of hours in a happy examination of new sights, I found a window near the top of the castle and leaned out to look at the ocean. The last I remember is a sensation of falling and I am sure part of the window sill crumbled with me, but I am equally sure that I did not reach the water for when I found myself at home in a chair before the fire my clothes were quite dry.

How the World Watches the New Year Come In

Marie Moore, '18.

The proverbial "good resolutions" of the first of January, which are usually forgotten the next day, the bell services in the churches, and the tin horns in the city streets, are about the only formalities connected with the American New Year. The Pilgrim fathers took no note of the day, save in this old manner: "We went to work betimes." But one, Judge Sewall, writes with no small pride of a blast of trumpets which was sounded under his window on the morning of January first, sixteen ninety-seven.

In Scotland and the North of England, the New Year festivities are of great importance. Weeks beforehand the village boys, with great secrecy, meet in out-of-the-way places and rehearse their favorite songs and ballads. As the time draws near, they put on their masks and go about from door to door, singing and cutting many capers. The children of the poorer classes go from house to house in the better districts, with a large packet fastened to their dresses or a large shawl with a fold in front. Each one receives an oaten cake, a piece of cheese, or sometimes a sweet cake, and goes home at night heavily laden with a good supply of homely New Year cheer for the rest of the family.

The Scottish elders celebrate the day with a supper party and as the clock strikes twelve, friend greets friend and wishes him "a gude New Year and mony o' them." Then, with great formality, the door is unbarred to let the Old Year out and the New Year in, while all the guests go forth into the streets.

The first person to enter a house after midnight is called the "first foot." If it is a dark haired man, it is considered an omen of good fortune. Women generally are thought to bring ill-luck and in some parts of England a light haired man is preferred.

In Edenburg, a great crowd gathers around the church in Hunter Square and anxiously watches the clock. There is absolute silence from the first stroke of twelve until the last, then the elders go to bed, but the young folks have other business on hand. Each girl expects the "first foot" from her sweetheart and there is much strategem displayed in outwitting him occasionally, and having some grand

mother or maid open the door to the eager lover.

In some hamlets the men procure a pitcher of Water from the "dead and living ford," meaning a ford in a river by which passengers and funerals cross. January the first the father rises first, and taking the charmed water and a brush treats the whole family to a thorough baptism which is usually acknowledged with anything but gratitude. Every one, even the cattle are fumigated, by burning juniper boughs.

Before breakfast the Scots consult the Bible. They open it at random and lay a finger upon one of the verses; whatever this may be it is the foreseen future for that year. On New Year's day a Scotchman will neither lend nor borrow, nor give anything for fear his luck will go with it, for the same reason the floor must not be swept. Even ashes or dirty water must not be thrown out until the next day, and if the fire goes out it is a sign of death.

Among the Romans, after the reformation of the calendar, the first day of the month, as well as the whole month, was given to the worship of the god Janus. He was represented as having two faces and looking two ways—into the past and into the future.

New Year cards and gifts originated in Rome.

The Persians remember the day with gifts of eggs.

In rural Russia, the day begins as a children's holiday. The village boys get up at sunrise and fill their pockets with peas and wheat. They go from house to house and as the doors are never locked, entrance is easy. They throw the peas upon their enemies and sprinkle the wheat softly upon their sleeping friends.

After breakfast, the finest horse in the village is decorated with evergreens and berries and led to the house of the nobleman of the village, followed by the pea and wheat shooters of the early morning. The lord admits both horse and people to his parlor, where his whole family is gathered, and the children make presents of small pieces of silver money to those who came with the horse. This is the greeting of the peasants to their lord and master.

In the cities there is a grand celebration of

Mass in the morning and the rest of the day is devoted to congratulatory visits. Good wishes which cannot be expressed in person are put into the newspapers in form of an advertisement.

The Russians are great at fortune telling and on New Year's Eve, the unmarried people send servants into the streets, to ask the name of the first person they meet. Many a bashful Russian boy has made speed in his suit by taking care to be the first man his lady's servant met.

At midnight, each member of the family salutes every other member with a kiss, beginning with the head of the family, and then retire after wishing each other a happy New Year.

The day before New Year's, the children of Belgium gather up all the keys of the household and divide them. The unhappy person who is caught napping finds himself in a locked room, from which he is not released until a fine is paid. This is usually money or sweets and they are divided equally among the captors.

In France no one pays much attention to Christmas but New Year's day is a great festival and presents are exchanged. The president of France holds a New Year's party, or reception, similar to that which takes place in the White House.

In Germany, the night of the thirty-first is called, "der Sylvester Abend" and while it is not considered not nice to dance, the day takes on a religious aspect.

At Frankfort a very pretty custom is observed. On New Year's Eve, the whole city is kept alive with songs, feasting, games and family parties in every house. When the bell in the cathedral tolls the first stroke of midnight every house opens wide its windows. People lean from the windows, glass in hand, and from a hundred or more throats comes the cry, "Prosit Neujahr." At the last stroke, the windows are closed and a midnight hush descends upon the city.

The hospitable Norwegians and Swedes lay their tables highly, for all who may come there is a grand banquet, where the King meets his people in truly democratic fashion.

The Danes greet the New Year with a tremendous volley of cannon. It is considered a delicate compliment to fire a gun or pistol under bedroom windows of one's friend at dawn on New Year's morning.

The dwellers in Cape Town, South Africa,

celebrate New Year's for an entire week. Every house is full of visitors and everybody is dressed in fine garments. At the end of the week everybody settles down and things are as they were before.

In the Indian Empire, the day which corresponds to our New Year is called "Hooley" and is a feast in honor of Frishona. Everyone who can afford it wears red garments, red powder is thrown as if it were confetti, and streams of red water are squirted upon passers-by. It is all taken in as good part as snowballing is by us.

Even in the farthest North, where the nights are six months long, there is a recognition of the New Year. Eskimos come out of their snow huts in pairs, one of each being dressed like a woman. They put out all fires and kindle fresh ones, going through solemn ceremonies in the meanwhile. One wonders if there is not some fear in their breasts, when for an instant they are in the vastness of the midnight, utterly without fire or light.

The most wonderful ceremonies connected with the New Year take place in China and Japan.

In the Chinese quarter of the large cities the celebrations are much dreaded by the police, for when there is revelry there is trouble.

The refreshments are of a light kind, such as peanuts, watermelon seeds, sweetmeats, oranges, tea and cakes. Presents of food are given to the poor. Brilliant cakes are also given away, these are supposed to help the children in their studies. The poor little Chinaman sadly needs this assistance for his alphabet contains over 20,000 letters.

Strips of scarlet paper bearing mottoes, which look like Chinese laundry checks, are posted around and over doors and windows. Blue strips among the red mean that a death has occurred in the family since the last celebration.

Images of gods are carried in procession to the beating of a deafening gong, and the people go by hundreds to the Emperor to carry him rich presents. After this, they worship their household gods and deceased ancestors.

Fireworks make the streets gorgeous every night, and a monstrous Chinese dragon is drawn through the streets. People salute each other with cries of "Kung-he! Kung-he!" meaning, I wish you joy. Many amusements in the way of acting are provided for the public.

A Chinese theatre is a fearsome sight. Men take all the parts and a single play lasts a fortnight. There are seldom more than two on the stage at once. There is not much to their acting, and although the robes of the players are gorgeous, no one seems to know what the play is about.

In both China and Japan all debts must be paid and all grudges settled before the opening of the New Year. Everyone is supposed to have new clothes for the occasion, those who can neither buy, rent or borrow new garments remain hidden in their homes adoring the gods.

In Japan the conventional costume is light blue cotton, and everyone starts on a grand round of visits, or letters are sent, conveying New Year's greetings.

The Japanese go to their favorite tea gardens and there is a grand procession in which all trades are represented. Drums and stringed instruments are played by numerous bands and thousands of wax figures are sold. They

amuse themselves with top spinning, kite flying, juggling, acrobating, and fireworks.

Presents of cooked rice, roasted peas, oranges and figs are offered to everyone. The peas are scattered about the houses to frighten away the evil spirits, cabbages indicating riches, and oranges, meaning good luck, are taken down and replaced with boughs of fruit trees and flowers. After the Japanese fashion, there is but a single flower in any one vase.

Strange is the country that does not have some way of celebrating New Year. In spite of all the mirth and feasting there is an undercurrent of sadness.

"Of all sounds, the peal which rings out the old year, is the most solemn and touching one. When I hear it, I cannot help but think of all that I have done or suffered, performed or neglected, in that regretted time. I then begin to know its worth as does a dying person. As Charles Lamb expressed it: 'I saw the skirts of the departing year.'"

These Men

Edna Lord, '19.

"Rip! You lazy wretch, where have you been?" cried Dame Van Winkle. Poor Rip, as he came up the well beaten path to the house, wished vainly that he might somehow escape the lecture now in store for him. He came toward her with eyes upon the ground, trying to hide the all too apparent fishing rod behind his back. Even his dog, Wolf, seemed to feel in some way to blame, for he sulked behind his master with his tail between his legs.

"Now get to work!" she cried, enforcing her command by aiming the broom at her spouse's defenseless head. Rip dodged as best he could, and attempted to escape but was brought up short with her hand upon his collar. Then she prepared to speak her mind.

"Aren't you ashamed of yourself?" she cried wrathfully. "Here I toil day in and day out to keep the family from starving; while you, worthless lout, are too lazy to do the smallest thing that I ask you to do. The idea, to treat your loving, obedient wife so, and I have stood it these long years without a murmur. You ought to have a wife that would take her own part once in awhile instead of

bearing your cruelty so patiently." This was all delivered in so harsh and strident a voice that poor Rip stood nearly paralyzed with fear.

"Why," he said timidly, "I was only fishing."

"Fishing, always fishing! I know you! 'Tis only an excuse to keep from doing honest labor and supporting your poor family. Don't tell me you were fishing. Rip Van Winkle, don't you dare!" Then, "get out of here, you wretched beast!" as Wolf came hesitatingly forward in the act of picking a stray crumb from the floor. "Get out!" and she sent a rolling pin and fire tongs after his fleeing figure.

"And now, Rip, you bestir yourself. Scour this floor, replenish the fire, and when you have finished I will tell you what to do next. You wouldn't care if I worked myself into the grave for the sake of you and your children!"

After listening to this astonishing oration patiently, Rip hurried from the room as fast as his trembling limbs could carry him.

(How many Rip Van Winkles are there in the world today, I wonder!).

The Whenceness of the Faculty

Paul R. Smith, '17

In ancient times there lived a man, who, dispairing of other claims to notice thought to attain fame by destroying the most beautiful temple in the world. Today he is remembered with a feeling of mild contempt, but he failed to secure lasting fame.

We are not concerned especially with him, however, except insofar as he influenced the attempt of another misdirected creature to attain a niche in the hall of fame.

This low-minded being was Theophisteles Herodotus Ananias Jimpsonweed, a transplanted inhabitant of Madagascar who came to this country in 1492 on the good ship Hazel Knutt, propelled by a tame squirrel in a wheel. The squirrel subsequently died but unfortunately not until the ship docked at Salem, Mass. (The squirrel's name was Cicero, I think).

But to get back to Mr. T. Herodotus Ananias Jimpsonweed. Upon disembarking, after a pathetic parting from Cicero, he cast about and secured a position as janitor in the Salem High School.

His duties, however, were irksome. They consisted in keeping the floor free from paper wads, carrying notes, changing the needles and records on the Victrola found in every room, and running the movie machine in the auditor-

ium, and in his spare time running to the store for gum and pie, for the students. For in that happy day the high schools were run by the students and for the students uninterrupted by a meddlesome faculty.

But T. Herodotus etc., yearned for fame, and when in his omniverous perusal of the library he chanced upon the tale of the burning of Diana's temple, he pondered deeply. "Why," quoth he, "can I not do likewise? I will burn the high school! But no, this arson business is dangerous and it didn't get this geezer anything after all; indeed, I never heard of him before.

"I have it," he cried, "I will leave a monument to posterity, and at the same time emancipate myself from that idiotic Victrola! I will invent a Faculty!"

So saying he at once immediately did so, kicked his overalls into a corner, and went fishing. And so the First Faculty was born, and its descendants have afflicted the world ever since.

But Theophisteles, etc. Jimpsonweed? His name is obscure, fame was not his, he overdid the job, for in awe-stricken contemplation of his Great Idea the world has let him drop into oblivion. Such is Fate!

JUNIOR HIGH NEWS

At last they're going to let us get a word in. It's time we were heard from. The Sem will be improved by our entrance.

A Junior Girls' Glee club has been organized. The officers have been elected as follows: President, Marion Davis; Vice President, Janet Millsbaugh; Treasurer and Secretary, Bernice Weidman.

The Junior High has had three sleigh rides—two eighth grade and one seventh. Everyone had a good time.

The eighth grade gave a party in the gym Friday, January 26. Games and dancing were enjoyed. The faculty chaperoned.

We have a splendid list of students who have not yet been absent: Wm. Beattie, Glen Emery, Martin Flannagan, Phyllis Clifford, Willard Moore, Ina Pettis, Leonard Reiman, Vivian Smith, Evelyn Weinmann, Hoyt Wilson, Leona Jackson, Doris Ross, Wendel Sanford, Sherman Grimston, Lee Mau Ben, Juanita

Evans and Robert Arbaugh, are among the star students.

Heard In Junior High

There was a young lady named Davis,

A fine penny lecture she gave us.

She saw us chew gum,

She made things hum;

And nothing on earth could save us.

Bobbie Arbaugh—"Mr. Duncan, do you think I deserve an absolute 6?"

Mr. Duncan—"Sorry, Robert, but that is the lowest I can give you."

Miss Gieske (in German)—"Robert, Wie kommt der Herr?"

Bobbie Brown—"Nobody, I comb it myself."

Harry Whitman—"Why is a piano that runs from 'C' sharp to 'B' flat, like a slippery sidewalk?"

Marian Miller—"I don't know."

H. W.—"Because on a slippery walk if you don't see sharp, you'll be flat."



EDITORIALS

THE CRISIS

On January 25 the whole world was startled by a declaration of "ruthless submarine war" by Germany. She declared that she would sink a ship of any nation, neutral included, that entered a certain zone, laid out by her.

On January 27, President Wilson broke diplomatic relations with Germany.

Germany's policy is probably the most barbaric action of this great war. It was a direct insult to all neutral nations as well.

Since her "declaration of war," German U-boats have sunk 102 ships. About a third of these have been neutrals and two or three American.

This has caused a great crisis to loom before the American nation, perhaps one of the greatest in her history, as there is very little chance of the United States keeping out of this great war. The condition of affairs has gradually grown worse. The United States minister to Belgium has been ordered to take the American flag from the consulate in Brussels. Also American seamen are being held prisoners in Germany. Unless these conditions are bettered immediately the only course open to the United States is war. And how will our public respond?

Will they rise to the hour like true citizens, or will they hang back and leave the administration stranded? At other times of crisis the American patriotism has been wonderful. Every man, woman and child has done his or her part. Why can it not be the same now? Everyone should leave his private interests and work for one great interest, the United States of America.

High school students, we can do our share. Some of us are too young for active military service, but we can help in many small ways. Above all we can keep ourselves fit and "be prepared."

Shall we do this, students? Do our part for our country and President?

The answer from every student in the United States will be, "Yes."

O. J. C.

MOST ASSUREDLY SO

Why is the superlative person? There seems to be a certain sprinkling of humans to whom everything is superlatively so. It is always the hottest or coldest weather, the most beautiful this or that, the awfulest wind and the frightfullest hat, she ever saw.

The lessons are the hardest ever, the exams the worst, and, oh! the softest snap you could imagine.

It was the loveliest party and the best ice cream and the fellows were the grandest dancers and the clumsiest boobs, and the most handsome and seediest looking lot of wops that ever walked; on the whole it was absolutely the best thing going.

We could rave on like this forever but, why is the superlative person?

If we should stop to contemplate what would become of the world if we had no such effervescent fountains of best's and most's, it would appall us. It is the superlatives that make the world go round. Without them everything would get flat and tasteless.

Somebody said that love makes the world go round, but it seems to us that if anything is superlatively good, bad, foolish, sensible, profitable, aimless, or anything else, that's it. But you can't get away from the superlative.

P. R. S.

A little girl was once presented with a Teddy-bear with buttons for eyes. They were sewed on so crooked that it made the bear look cross-eyed. A few days later she was heard addressing the bear as "Gladly." When asked about it she said, "I learned it from that song in church. Don't you know, it says: 'Gladly my cross-eyed bear.'"

An excited German was chasing up and down the isles of a department store. A floor-walker approached him and asked, "Are you looking for something in men's clothing?"

He got this reply—"Ach Himmel, nein, in wimmen's clothing. I can't flint my wife."



SENIORS WIN BY A SMALL MARGIN

Captain Haydon led his mighty Seniors to victory over Captain Kirk's flighty Juniors in the first game of the interclass schedule.

The game was a close one from start to finish but the Seniors managed to have one point to the good when the final whistle blew.

Knight and Haydon were the chief basket tossers for the Seniors while Cooney, Kirk and Matthews threw the Junior baskets.

"Bob" Knight broke one of his ribs in this game, as a result of coming in contact with the wall. The Seniors are minus a good player.

Seniors—Haydon, (Capt.), L. F.; Knight, R. F.; Smith, C.; Cleary, R. G.; Luedke, L. G.

Juniors—Wolters, L. F.; Cooney, R. F.; Stitt, C.; Kirk, (Capt.) R. G.; Matthews, L. G.

Final score—Seniors, 16; Juniors, 15. Referee, Ryneerson. Time of quarters, 8 minutes.

Baskets—Luedke, 1; Knight, 3; Haydon, 2; Cooney, 3; Matthews. Fouls thrown—Haydon, 4; Kirk, 6.

Although the Freshmen were defeated by the Sophomores in their first game, the score was not large, which shows that the Freshmen have a good chance in the basketball race.

Te Sophs showed superior team work and skill throughout the game. With this combination the Sophs have a strong team.

Both teams played well as a whole, but Lappeus starred for the Sophs and Gale for the Fresh.

Sophomores—Lappeus (Capt.), L. F.; Moore, R. F.; Cooney, C.; Hansor, R. G.; Hayes, L. G.

Freshmen—Phillips, L. F.; Wilson, R. F.; Gale (Capt.), C.; Vorhees, R. G.; Hopkins, L. G.

Final score—Sophomores, 18; Freshmen, 8. Referee, Ryneerson. Time of quarters, 8 minutes.

Baskets—Lappeus, 2; Hayes, Cooney, Moore, Hansor, 1; Wilson, Phillips, Ross, 1.

Fouls thrown—Lappeus, 4; Phillips, 2.

Standings

	Won	Lost
Seniors	1	0
Sophomores	1	0
Juniors	0	1
Freshmen	0	1

SOPHOMORES HUMBLE THE SENIORS IN LAST QUARTER

The Sophomores well earned their victory over the Seniors in the second game of the season.

The game was nip and tuck until the last quarter when the Sophs completely ran wild and looped four baskets in a row. The Seniors' only alibi is lack of practice and team work.

"Bob" Knight who was hurt in the first game will not be able to play any more this season.

Seniors—Haydon (Capt.), L. F.; Allen, R. F.; Smith, C.; Luedke, R. G.; Cleary, L. G.

Sophomores—Lappeus (Capt.), L. F.; Moore, R. F.; Cooney, C.; Hayes, R. G.; Hansor, L. G.

Final score—Sophs, 28; Seniors, 19. Referee, Ryneerson. Time of quarters, 8 minutes.

Baskets—Haydon, 3; Allen, 4; Smith, 1; Lappeus, 6; Cooney, 2; Hansor, Moore, 1; Hayes.

Fouls thrown—Haydon, 3; Lappeus, 3, Moore.

The Fresh are again beaten, this time by the Juniors. Don't get discouraged Freshies, the worst is yet to come.

The Juniors led all the game and ended 14 points in the lead.

Kirk caged seven baskets for the Juniors, and Phillips was the Fresh mainstay.

Juniors—Kirk (Capt.), L. F.; Cooney, R. F.; Stitt, C.; Wolters, R. G.; Matthews, L. G.;

Freshmen—Gale (Capt.), L. F.; Phillips, R. F.; Hopkins, C.; Olds, R. G.; Wilson, L. G.

Final score—Juniors, 28; Freshmen, 14. Referee, Ryneerson. Time of quarters, 8 minutes.

Baskets—Kirk, 7; Cooney, 1; Wolters, 2; Stitt, Arbaugh, Gale, Hopkins, Phillips, 3.

Fouls thrown—Kirk, 2; Cooney, Phillips, 4.

	Won	Lost
Sophomores	2	0
Seniors	1	1
Juniors	1	1
Freshmen	0	2

It has been suggested that extra bleachers be constructed in order to accommodate the huge crowd which attend the basketball games. Come on rooters, let's make it necessary.

Fear has been expressed that if a foreign artist should happen to peek in at the gym door some night during practice he would go crazy at the great array of colors which compose the uniforms of the players.

Remember basketball players, that the pipes which go around the edge of the gym are hot, and if you touch one you will burn yourself. Safety-first.

THE JOYS OF WRITING EDITORIALS

Oh! but it's a painful operation, writing an editorial. The non-combatant has no idea of the wear and tear upon a person.

First, a perfectly good pencil is horribly mutilated by the teeth while one tries to dope out a scheme, one that isn't so old that it is covered with dust and cobwebs.

Then you sit and think and think and think, etc., until, off comes coat, collar and vest and then you think some more.

Ideas upon ideas are thrown away, some in disgrace. But the one idea always seems to slip thru your fingers. Next the perspiration of honest work falls in large drops from your manly brow, but you still think and think.

At last you've almost got it. There it goes! Catch it! Quick! Oh! now you've got it. And you can finish your editorial in peace.

Oh! but isn't it a grand feeling.

But it's some job to write an editorial and you sometimes don't get ideas, hence this one.

O. J. C.

A parrot was caught stealing pickles, and his angry master threw a knife at his head, taking off the top feathers, leaving the poor parrot bald-headed. One day the minister, who was also bald-headed came to dine.

The parrot looked at him interestedly and said, "Why, you blamed thief! You been stealing pickles too, eh?"

Y. W. C. A.

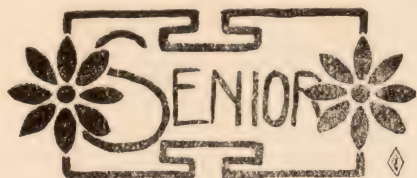
At the meeting for the election of officers, Miss Brickman of the Normal Y. W. C. A. talked to us on the characteristics that the officers, especially the president, should have if they are to be the most efficient. The president must be a leader, a girl of high ideals, willing to do her very best for the association, friendly to everyone, everywhere, and above all things she must be a girl of prayer.

Such a talk made the girls think seriously on so important a question as choosing their leaders for the year and the result was that Jennie Darling was elected president; Ruth Fidler, vice president; Joyce Durfee, secretary, and Mildred Horn, treasurer.

At the next meeting, the new officers were installed and the old officers retired from active office but we hope not from active service for the new officers and the whole organization need their support.

The Y. W. C. A. wishes to thank the retiring officers, Mary Case, Helen Montgomery, Lila Driscoll, and Dorothy Murdock, for the splendid work they have done and hope the new officers will have just as successful an administration.

The committee chairmen were appointed by the president as follows: Social Service, Gladys Cairns; Social, Doris Green; Program, to be appointed; Poster, Dorothy Murdock and Marie Ferguson; Information, Joyce Durfee; Membership, Ruth Fidler; Finance, Mildred Horn.



The Senior basketball team defeated the Junior team in a hard fought game January 24th by a score of 16 to 15.

Robert Knight received a fractured rib in the Junior game which will prevent him from participating in basketball games for the remainder of the season. He has been absent from school for two weeks.

Miss Gertrude Bombanek entered the Senior class at the beginning of the second semester.

"Pat" Cleary is nursing a disfigured countenance, consisting of a "shiner" and a fractured proboscis.

"Pat" says he slipped on the icy thoroughfare of Normal street and collided with a tree. Not doubting his word, however, we would like to get a slant at the other fellow.

Handicapped by the loss of one forward, the Senior team lost its second game of the season on January 5th to the Sophomores.

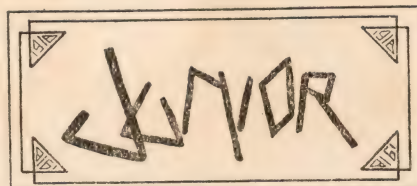
At four o'clock February 1st, the auction of the Senior football, purchased in the Freshman year, was held in room 209.

"Mutt" miller officiated in the capacity of auctioneer and bursting forth in sonorous verbosity he persuaded Perc Vernon to pay a dollar and five cents for the superannuated pigskin, sans bladder, sans wind. Whereupon "Pete" Smith uprose and moved the auctioneer be paid five percent of the proceeds. This motion was carried amidst acclamations.

Rehearsals for the Senior play are being held every Tuesday and Thursday nights. The members of the cast are rapidly learning their parts in their attempts to give the best production yet presented. The definite date has been set for March 23rd.

Several members of the Senior class attended a "blowout" at the metropolis of Stony Creek on the evening of January 26th. The party could have been seen arriving in town at the rosy dawn of the next morning.

The Seniors will have charge of the chapel exercises February 14. Dr. Jones will be the speaker of the occasion.



The Junior room has changed hands. Mr. Diehl, the teacher who had charge of 221 last semester, has gone to Detroit, and Miss Sargent now has the Junior room.

February 28 is the Junior chapel Day. The committee is at work, but as yet their decision has not been announced. Of course it will be "something fine."

Iona Pullen has dropped school. Her last day here was January 8.

Earl Smith has returned to school after an absence of three weeks.

Matthew Stein did not return to school this semester.

When the Y. W. C. A. elected new officers, three Juniors were chosen. Ruth Fidler was elected vice president; Joyce Durfee, secretary, and Mildred Horn, treasurer. The officers were installed on February 1.

William Arbaugh and Otto Phillips are now members of our class.

The cast for "Any Girl" the Camp Fire play was mostly made up of Juniors. Doris Greene, Ellen Hopkins, Mildred Horn, Marjorie Sweet, Olga Lurkins, Katherine French and Ruth Bowen were in the play and several other Juniors sang between acts. Mary Case, also a Junior, told a story in the Indian sign language.

February 9 was the date set for the Junior party—popularly known as "J Hop." Fischer's orchestra furnished the music. Three pieces were here—a banjo, violin and piano. The refreshments were strawberry ice and wafers. The decoration committee consisted of James Forsythe, Marjorie Sweet, Mildred Horn and Helen Hurdley. The business committee was made up of Nelson Van Wegen, W. Schneider, and G. Nulan. The decorations carried out the idea of valentine day. Hearts were strung and red bunting used very effectively. Although the attendance was not large, everyone who went felt that it was an exceptionally delightful party.

A. Stuart (In English II)—"Is there any difference between posterity and prosperity?"



A Sophomore class meeting was held in room 221 on January 22, to decide whether or not to have a sleighride party. It was decided that the sleighride would be given on Friday night, January 25, and two committees were appointed, one to see to the bobs, the other, the refreshments.

On Friday night, of the same week, the Sophomores assembled in the high school and about seven o'clock the sleighs came. There were two sleighloads, Miss Roberts and Miss Cooper acting as chaperones. After riding about two hours we came back to the lunch room and had refreshments and played games.

Grace Frank was out of school two days because of the illness of her mother.

Audrey Mater has left school and is going to school in Colon.

Lloyd Lyke has left school.

Frances Gee is out of school because of illness.

The Sophomore boys first basketball team for the inter-class games have been picked mainly from the following: Lappeus, A. Moore, R. Cooney, Hansor, Hayes, Jefferson, and Sturtevant.

The Sophomore boys have played two games winning both, the first from the Freshmen and the second from the Seniors, making them hold first place so far. All Sophomores come out to the next game and root for your team.

James Orr spent Sunday, February 4 in Detroit.

Arthur Moore had a fire in his home. Except by smoke and water little damage was done. Pay Smith was absent February 6.

The Sophomore chapel entertainment fell by lot to the first Wednesday of February. After the hymn, which was well given by the choir, came the Bible selection. Mr. Morris then resigned his position as master of ceremonies, and Arthur Stuart, Sophomore class president, took his place. He introduced Claribel Bowen who gave a short sketch on the Life of Arthur Sullivan. This was followed by two of Sullivan's songs. Virginia Paton, Jennie Darling



Freshmen! Pay Martha Fidler your second semester class dues immediately—they are over due.

The class sleighride was held on Saturday evening, January 27th. There were two "bobs"—George Beranek took one and Fred Seaver the other. After riding around town we went to Ruth Seaver's where we enjoyed playing games. Hot chocolate, sandwiches and cookies were served about ten o'clock. Everyone there had a fine time. Miss Roberts and Miss Gieskie were chaperones.

Boost for the Freshmen basketball team. They need encouragement.

Lorne Seavy has left school and gone to Ann Arbor to work.

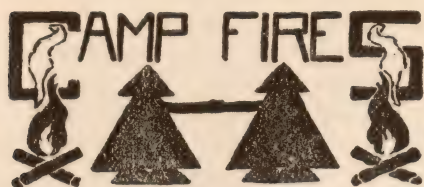
Catherine Hutton and Armina Converse were absent from school on account of swollen glands.

A few of the freshmen girls gave a sleighride party Saturday evening, January 20th. After a merry ride they were dropped at Eola Zeigen's. Games, music, and dancing were enjoyed. All grouped around the grate fire and were served hot chocolate, fried cakes, rolls, and wafers. Mr. Zeigen and Eola made several trips in their autos and took us home. All agreed they had spent a very happy evening largely due to their host and hostess.

As the freshmen are very fond of watching the clocks during study periods, we hope the library clock will soon be put in order.

Donald Ross is absent from school on account of illness.

and Gertrude Letter entertained us with piano solos and Dean Ament played his violin. Mr. DeGreen, the Normal Elocution teacher, recited several selections which were received with hearty applause. Scott Sturtevant's sister, Miss Nellie Sturtevant, delighted us with two vocal solos. The program though rather long was greatly enjoyed and sets a high standard for the three other classes to attain.



HURON CAMP FIRE

The long postponed ceremonial was held January nineteenth in the music room. Alice Anderson, Mary Case and Mildred Horn lit the candles of Work, Health and Love. Alma Wardroper read the count. Alice Anderson and Helen Montgomery showed some elementary bandaging. Mary Case gave twenty-five signs of the Indian sign language. Katherine French told the story of the "Little Boy Man." Ellen Hopkins illustrated six blazes. Miss Steere drew ten Indian symbols. Mildred Horn and Thelma Smith did a folk dance and several other girls did two more dances. Ellen Hopkins, Alma Wardroper, Gertrude Perry, and Dorothy Murdock became wood gatherers. Alice Anderson, Marjorie Sweet and Helen Montgomery became Fire Makers.

The girls enjoyed a pot luck supper at Gertrude Perry's Saturday, January 27th.

The Camp Fire play "Any Girl," proved to be quite a success. Twenty-eight dollars was cleared which is to be divided equally among the three Camp Fires. The proceeds of the candy sale covered the expenses. The girls wish to thank Genevieve Breining for accompanying the songs, and Karl Oehmke, Arthur Moore and William Arbaugh for their help on the stage. The Huron Camp Fire sold the most tickets.

The Huron Camp Fire was well represented in the play. Katherine French was "Any Girl," Marjorie Sweet, Mildred Horn, Ellen Hopkins and Dorothy Arbaugh were city Camp Fire Girls.

The next ceremonial will be March 2. Don't forget to get your beads before that night.

SHENEMENTONG CAMP FIRE

Our last ceremonial meeting (held by our former guardian, Madeline Walker, was held at Josephine Warner's home), Mrs. Morris was welcomed into our camp fire as our new guardian. No program had been prepared as the meeting was short. After this games were played and refreshments were served.

We have held no business meetings lately on account of preparing the Camp Fire play



BOYS' GLEE CLUB

Since the faculty decided to omit the seventh hour the Boys' Glee Club became a voluntary organization which, of course, led to a constitution and then—those awful dues! But since Ypsi High contains no cheap-skates all the boys stayed with the club or in historic words, "Stuck by the ship." The practices are being held between 12 and 1 on Tuesdays and at 6:30 on Thursdays. The club has received a number of outside invitations and three of them have already been accepted, one at the Study Club held at Mrs. Vernon's, the second at the Teachers' Institute and the third at the Industrial Pleasure Club, at all three places singing that old favorite "The Winter Song," and "Marcheta," and for encore "Mrs. Winslow." Although the fellows know a number of new songs they are keeping them for the surprise which is to occur later in the school year. The surprise! Well, that is what the club calls it but Hush!—the club is planning to give a concert Friday, April 13th. Although the 13th is unlucky or a hoodoo we are expecting the whole High School out in full sway. And then again some people dislike Friday—well we feel sorry for poor old Friday but then you know you are always anxious for Friday to come. I wonder why? So much for Friday. Now we have 23 members in the club (10+13) See? Thirteen is connected with that, and suppose we charge 13c for the concert and 12c for the other entertainment—but we're not going to tell you that part right now. Now all you superstitious people throw your beliefs aside and come and see if the Boys' Glee Club can't show you a good time.

"Any Girl" given on February 8, 1917. We have decided to have our business meetings on Thursdays as the honor gym class is now held on Tuesdays.

Our Camp Fire had charge of the third act in "Any Girl." The scene of a ceremonial meeting in the woods. The leading parts in the act were given by Catherine Hutton, Alice Reid and Claribel Bowen.



HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

The installation of the new officers took place on January 16. The officers are Lester Miller, speaker; Floyd Matthews, chief clerk; Arthur Stewart, assistant clerk; William Schneider, sergeant-at-arms.

A letter was received from Hillsdale challenging us to a debate. They will try to arrange a triangle debate between Hillsdale, Albion, and Ypsilanti. The debate will take place as soon as possible.

Mr. Diehl has had charge of the work of the House of Representatives last semester and after he decided to leave, a banquet was given in his honor on February 1. This was a great success.

The House of Representatives has at this time thirty-five members but forty-five members are allowed to belong to it. Here is a chance for ten fellows to get good training for debating and also parliamentary law.

SENATE

The first meeting of the Senate for the new semester was called February 2.

The officers elected at the last meeting of the old semester were: President, Schneider from Wisconsin; Vice President, Forsythe from Georgia; Secretary, Merriman from Colorado; Ass't. Secretary, Haydon from Montana; Sergeant-at-arms, Hayes from Mississippi.

The party leaders were appointed as follows: Democratic, Senator Kirk from Illinois; Republican, Senator Alban from New York; Socialist, Senator Allen from Washington.

President Schneider appointed the committees as follows: Debate committee, Senator Forsythe from Georgia, Senator D. Arbaugh from New Jersey, Senator Meanwell from Missouri. Rules committee, Senator Cleary from Ohio, Senator Perry from Nevada, Senator E. Smith from Iowa.

The resolution to be debated was read by the Secretary: "Resolved, that labor organizations promote the best interests of the working man." The resolution was lost. The meet-

ing adjourned with confident expectations of an active senate for the semester.

A special meeting of the Senate was called Wednesday, February 7.

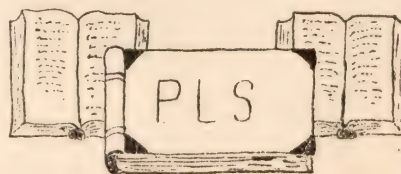
An informal, extemporaneous debate was held. The resolution was submitted by Senator Cleary from Ohio, and read by the Secretary: "That, whereas Germany has adopted a policy of 'ruthless submarine warfare' be it resolved by the Senate of Y. H. S. that the U. S. should immediately declare war on Germany."

A spirited debate ensued, the discussions being heated and to the point. A few of the Senators became so enthusiastic as to lose their senatorial dignity. It was suggested that slang is not the usual language of senators and, it is hoped, unanimously agreed upon. The resolution was lost.

A discussion arose as to whether or not the debate was in order, resulting in the reading, in part, of the constitution by Senator Seaver from Wyoming.

Senator Cleary from Ohio moved that the Senate send a note of confidence to President Wilson. The motion was carried. The responsibility now rests upon Secretary Marriman.

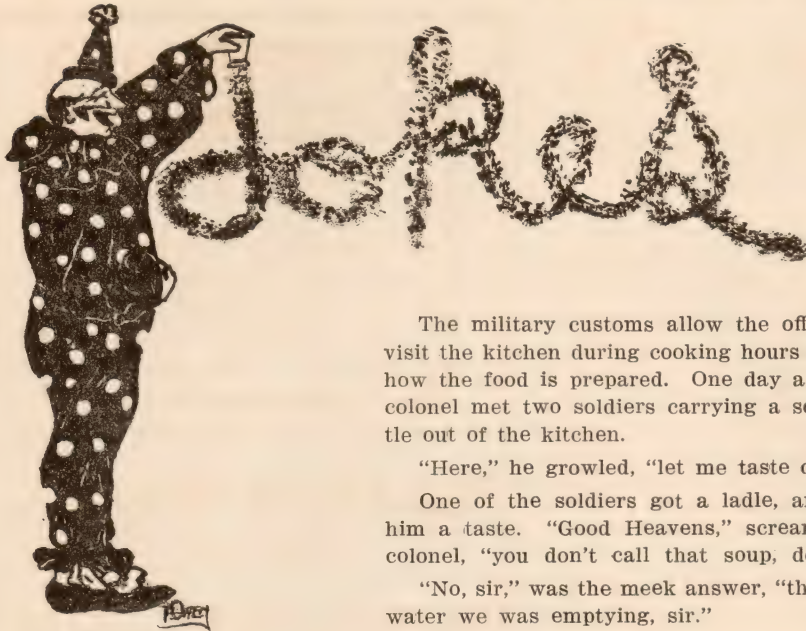
The Senate adjourned until the next regular meeting.



P. L. S. NEWS

A meeting for the election of officers was to have been held January 25, the day school closed, but was postponed for the simple reason that there was no one there to vote. Evidently the girls were so delighted over the closing of school that they entirely forgot mere club meetings. However, quite a number were present February 1 when the elections were finally held. The results were as follows: President Alma Wardroper; Vice President, Genevieve Breining; Secretary, Lucile Love; Treasurer, Gladys Parkinson.

Esther Eldred—"It's getting colder, isn't it?"
J. Crampton—"Yes, I can feel the change in my pockets."



The military customs allow the officers to visit the kitchen during cooking hours and see how the food is prepared. One day a wrathful colonel met two soldiers carrying a soup kettle out of the kitchen.

"Here," he growled, "let me taste of that."

One of the soldiers got a ladle, and gave him a taste. "Good Heavens," screamed the colonel, "you don't call that soup, do you?"

"No, sir," was the meek answer, "that's dish water we was emptying, sir."

Bill Schneider—"Have you any nice ties to match the color of my eyes?"

Clerk—"No, but we have some nice soft hats to match your head."

P. Vernon—(In Virgil)—"Three times I strove to cast my arms about her neck and—oh, that's as far as I got."

Miss Cooper—"That's quite far enough."

He was a Negro named Joshua, and was tried for making whiskey.

The judge asked him—"Are you the Joshua who made the sun stand still?"

The prisoner replied—"No, youah Honah, I'se the Joshua what made de moon shine."

D. Webb—"I like Wallace Reid, who is your favorite 'movie' actor?"

D. Green—"Oh, I like Owen more" (Moore).

A young lady was attempting to ascertain the political status of a certain town. She went up to one house and rang the bell.

A cross looking woman answered it. The girl asked: "Does Mr. Smith live here?"

The answer was: "He does."

The girl, meekly: "Could you tell me to what party he belongs?"

The cross looking woman—"Yes, I'm the party he belongs to, and I'm the only one, see?"

A benevolent man gave a dinner for a bunch of poor children.

He served them berries and cream.

"Now, my dears," he said, smiling genially, "if you had come and taken these berries, they wouldn't have tasted half as good, would they?"

"No, sir," came back in a chorus.

"I wonder why," he added, trying to see how far his lesson in honesty was going.

"Because they wouldn't have had any cream on them," explained one bright lad.

An architect was attempting to find out exactly how a house was to be built.

"And how do the stairs run?" he inquired.

"Well," answered his caller, an old German, "Ven I am op-stairs, they run down, and wen I am down-stairs they run up."

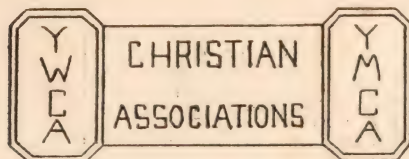
"Do animals possess the sentiment of affection," asked Miss Sargent.

Bright Freshie—"Yes, Ma'am."

Miss Sargent—"Which one has the most natural affection for man?"

Bright Freshie, after a moment's thought—"Woman."

The class was arguing over a point in Bacon's Essays. The teacher wished to conclude the argument and so she said, "Well, I think I have Bacon on my side."



Y. M. C. A.

The "Y" met as usual in the lunch room Thursday, February 8th. Our new commercial teacher, Mr. Dunn, was the faculty member present. Before the meeting was called to order, a few of the new members were treated to that game usually called double hot hand. This was very much enjoyed, more so by the old members than by the new. An interesting discussion was lead by the president, during which it was decided to draw up a new sort of pledge which should be interesting to every fellow in high school.

The feature of the evening was, however, after the discussion. Prior to the meeting the president had sauntered up town and returned with several pies and some ice cream. It didn't take the boys as long to finish those pies as it did to bring them from town. Although Mr. Morris was unable to attend the discussion on account of the Glee Club practice, he arrived in time for the "Y" to do the "rescue the perishing act," as he had had no supper.

This happened to the first grade teacher. She was telling stories, and one bright little boy approached her with this request.

"Please, teacher, tell the one about the man that ate the ribbon and it made him sick."

"Why, James, I don't know any such story."

"Oh, yes, you do," was the quick reply. The one about 'Fling open the shutters, and threw up the sash."

And then we wonder why teachers go insane.

The charming wife of a French diplomat had never really mastered the English language. She was urging an American officer to attend a dinner. He replied that he could not as he had "burned his bridges behind."

The lady misunderstood the word.

"Oh, that's all right," she replied, "I'll lend you a pair of my husband's."

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We are very grateful for the following ex-
changes received last month:

The Mercury—Riverside H. S., Milwaukee,
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Western Normal Herald—Kalamazoo, Mich.
Normal News—Normal College, Ypsilanti,
Mich.

Pioneer—South H. S., Grand Rapids, Mich.
Orange and Black—Hanover H. S., Hanover,
Pa.

Helios—Central H. S., Grand Rapids, Mich.

Gleeman—Bellevue H. S., Bellevue, Pa.

The "Poet's Retreat" is novel and interest-
ing.

Shamokin H. S. Review—Shamokin H. S.,
Shamokin, Pa.

Reflector—Jackson H. S., Jackson, Mich.

Opinion—Peoria H. S., Peoria, Ill.

Retina—Waite H. S., Toledo, Ohio.

Ingot—Central H. S., Hancock, Mich.

Your covers are very pretty.

Gleam—Johnston H. S., St. Paul, Minn.

Very good, from cover to cover.

Scimitar—Loraine H. S., Loraine, Ohio.

Every number is better than the last.

We are glad to see Magrethe Nielsen on the
staff. She is a former member of our high
school.

Criticisms

We are always glad to have suggestions
which may better our paper.

Scimitar says—"An exchange department
would improve your paper."

At a political meeting a very enthusiastic
German said:

"Dear fellow citizens; fellow Shermans.
Look at the Irishmans in the Tenth ward. Vot
haf dey got? Paved street. Vot haf we got?
Mut! Mut!

"Now fellow citizens and fellow Shermans—
come, let us put our heads together and make
a block pavement."

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